

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 686.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1867.

VOL. XXVII. No. 9.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Musical Form.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

A musical work is almost a living creation ; it possesses a body, and a soul. No other work of man is so truly *alive*—instinct with life. Indeed, who shall say how much or how little of the Divine enters into the composition of those glorious inspirations which we call *Master-works*?

Music gives us pleasure. A portion of this pleasure is derived from the determinate manner in which the various chapters, or sections, of the work are related, so as to become *one whole*. To the uncultivated ear, a single period of striking and simple melody gives pleasure. A second period of independent melody gives pleasure, but drives out the distinct impression of the one first heard. A second period may, however, be so constituted as to deepen the impression of the first. In order to this, it must bear to the first a certain inher relation of significance, as well as an outer relation of key and general style. The second period must be in *unity* with the first. Almost every musician can look back to the time when every extended composition was unintelligible to him, save in so far as a scrap of melody emerged here and there from the chaos and gave him a rallying point for his scattered thoughts. From beginning to end it was a steady stream of music. At length one perceives that the work, which was before so continuous, begins to manifest points of repose. After repeated hearings it is perceived to possess a certain orderly arrangement of parts. It is first seen to divide quite plainly into two or three chapters, each having, so to speak, its own point of crystallization, and all, again, bearing a determinate relation to each other. Finally, every period in the whole work is seen to bear a necessary or appropriate relation to every other ; the leading and accessory ideas are seen in their appropriate relation ; and thus it is that we begin to perceive the propriety and beauty of determinate Musical Form.

What, then, is Musical Form? What are its underlying principles? How are these principles manifested in the completed work? These are the questions which present themselves for our solution.

Several melodic phrases may be conjoined to each other in such a way as to form one whole melody or tune. In order to this, certain technical requirements as to relationship of key, motive, etc., must be complied with. Moreover, several melodic periods, or stanzas, may be conjoined into one piece ; so that the listener feels that a unity is attained. And this, again, is possible only when certain technical requirements of form and organization have been complied with. Yet again, several compositions, each in itself complete and measurably satisfactory, may be so consociated as to make one whole work, the several chapters of which visibly complement each other. This is seen in the Sonata, Oratorio, Opera, etc. And this possibility of consociative unity exists only in compliance with certain

technical requirements of relationship, as before. The full statement of these several grades of laws, by which alone the several fragments in question can be associated into one whole, constitutes the doctrine of Musical Form. But before proceeding to notice the several musical forms a limitation must be established, viz.—The most perfect compliance with all possible definite laws in regard to the relationship of these several fragments—so far as regards their key, tempo, and general similarity or contrast—will not authorize us to associate into one whole melodies which have not a unity of spirit.

Musical Form is determined mainly by two governing principles:—"Unity, the type of the Divine Comprehensiveness," and "Symmetry, the type of the Divine Justice." The first requires that the entire work shall manifest a consistent plan ; that the end shall have been seen from the beginning. However unexpected modulations or digressions may occur, we must be made to feel that they are not inconsistent with the fundamental intent of the piece. Symmetry demands that a due relation shall exist between all the several rhythmic divisions of the work ; that one chapter shall not overshadow or be overshadowed by any other. Unity is manifested principally by the relationship of the keys in which the different divisions of the work are written, and by the similarity, or *appropriate dissimilarity*, of the motives employed. Symmetry is manifested in the appropriate extent or brevity of each several part, and in the general melodic balance of the work.

In accordance with these laws there have grown up two classes of musical forms:—*Determinate* and *Variable*. It is difficult to draw any just line of relative estimate of these two classes of forms. The former are logical. The latter, fanciful and imaginative. Yet who shall say that fancy and imagination are more, or less, noble than a logical pre-determined order?

The *Determinate Forms* begin with the Period. Then follow the Song-forms of two and three periods. These are followed by the song-form with Trio. Next come the Rondos. The Rondo is the beginning of broad forms. The technical structure of these forms was quite fully considered in No. of this Journal, nearly two years ago. The Rondo is followed by the Sonata, a broader form, allowing greater scope for artistic light and shade. (See No. 636, of this Journal.)

The Rondo gives us a picture of a soul in one mood. The Sonata gives us three or four phases of the same artistic nature. It is necessarily in itself nobler than the Rondo. With the Symphony, which is the culmination of Sonata, the determinate forms end.

The *Variable Forms* are as variable in name as form. Most of them conform somewhat to the song-form or the rondo. In fact it is impossible to secure a high degree of artistic unity and symmetry in a composition without falling more or less into the rondo form. Wollenhaupt's "Whispering Wind" is almost a rondo of the

second form. Wehli's "Bacchanale" is also a rondo of the second form, without coda.—The theme in this composition,—and also the episode—is a song-form of three periods, of which the first is repeated. To this class of forms belong Overtures, Fantasias, Nocturnes, Ecclesiastical forms, Opera, Cantata, and Oratorio. In the three forms last named are united all the lesser forms. The arias often assume the rondo form. The different numbers belonging to the same act of the opera are in as close sympathy with each other as are the separate chapters of a Sonata. There is yet another *quasi art-form** which does not belong entirely to either of the classes named. This form is the Fugue. The rank of an art-work is measured by its pathos,—or expression. But the Fugue does not move in the plane of the Emotional ; it belongs rather to the Intellectual. Again, as to the correlation of its periods, the Fugue has no determinate form. It is a fantasy ; yet in its whole technical structure it is rather a creature of the intellect than of the heart. But the vocal fugue becomes a real art-work—when ever it assists in rendering the text more impressive. This one may feel in the fugue "And He shall reign forever and ever" in Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. But when it is so managed as to become simply the vehicle for the display of contrapuntal skill, it sinks again out of the plane of the Artistic into that of the Intellectual. This one may feel in the fugue "Cum sancto spiritu" in Mozart's Twelfth Mass, and in the "Amen" of the Messiah. In Bach one discerns the substratum of artistic feeling, but how is it overshadowed by the superabundant contrapuntal skill which he everywhere displays! How then, in fine, shall we define the real artistic value of the Fugue? We answer that no doubt a portion of the true artistic delight consists of "ideas of relation." These ideas we derive from the Fugue more than from any other musical creations. But the noblest and truest mission of music is to *express emotion*. When otherwise engaged Music has left the sphere in which she excels every other form of expression and contests on a lower plane a rivalry in communicating *ideas* rather than *feelings*—a contest in which she must ever come off conquered ; for there she has adversaries with superior means. "Speech, for ideas ; tones, for emotions," says a modern writer. We assign to the Fugue, then, a rank subordinate to that of the nobler forms—the Rondo and Sonata—in so far as it *expresses* less than they.

By universal suffrage of musical artists the Sonata enjoys pre-eminence over all other instrumental forms. It remains to suggest, as briefly as we may, some of the supposed grounds of this pre-eminence. In No. 639 of this JOURNAL—Art. *Good Music*—quite an extended statement of the theory of the elements of musical aesthetics was made. To that we now refer as furnishing materials available for the determination of the

* This view of the Fugue must be taken with a very large grain of salt.—Ed.

present question. In brief we may say that the Sonata, and more especially its culmination, the Symphony, exceeds all other instrumental forms in the variety of impressions of beauty it may give us. From the same work we may receive ideas of unity, in its various grades, *repose, moderation, symmetry, and purity*. Moreover, it may give us "ideas of power" and "of relation." In no other work is the balance between Symmetry and Unity so well kept; and in the depth and variety of its expression the Sonata excels all other instrumental forms. Is it not, therefore, justly regarded as more noble than the rest?

(Translated for this Journal.)

Extracts from Berlioz.

I.

An admirable singer, the lamented SONTAG, at the end of the trio of masks in "Don Giovanni" invented a phrase which she substituted for the original one. Her example was soon followed;—it was too fine not to be,—and the singers of Europe adopted for the rôle of Donna Anna the intention of Madame Sontag.

One day at a general rehearsal in London, a conductor of my acquaintance, hearing at the end of the trio this audacious substitution, stopped the orchestra and turning to the prima donna, asked:

"Well, well; what is the matter? Have you forgotten your part, madam?"

"No, Sir, I am singing the *Sontag version*."

"Ah! very well: but may I venture to ask why you prefer the Sontag version to the Mozart version, which is the only one that we have anything to do with here?"

"Because it sounds better!"

II.

There is a work of Beethoven known as the Sonata in C-sharp minor, the adagio of which is one of those poems which human language cannot characterize. Its means of effect are very simple: the left hand plays softly broad chords of a sad and solemn character, whose length allows the vibrations of the piano to die away gradually in each; above, the first fingers of the right hand play in arpeggio a persistent accompanying figure, the form of which hardly varies from the first measure to the last, while the other fingers sound a sort of lamentation, the melodic flowering of this sombre harmony.

One day thirty years ago, Liszt in playing this adagio before a little circle of which I was one, undertook to travesty it, after a fashion he had then taken up, to catch the applause of the fashionable public. Instead of the long bass chords, the severe uniformity of rhythm and movement of which I have spoken, he inserted trills and tremolos, he hurried and slackened the time, disturbing by his passionate accents the calm of this sadness, and making the thunder roll through this cloudless sky, darkened only by the withdrawing of the sun. I was cruelly annoyed, I confess;—more even than I have been sometimes at hearing our unhappy singers embroider the grand air in "Der Freischütz,"—for to this annoyance was added the distress of seeing such an artist catch the tricks into which usually only commonplace players fall. But what could be done? Liszt was then like a child who gets up without complaining after a tumble, if you pretend not to see him, but falls to crying if you

hold out your hand to him. He has raised himself proudly; and so years after, he no longer pursued success, but success was out of breath in following him:—the parts were exchanged.

Let us return to our Sonata. Lately one of those genial and cultivated men whom artists are so happy to meet, had assembled a few friends; I was of the number. * * * * * [Liszt had been playing a piece of Weber's.] As he ended, the lamp which lighted the room seemed on the point of going out; one of us went to relight it.

"Don't touch it," said I, "If he will play Beethoven's Adagio in C-sharp minor, this half-light will not mar it at all."

"Willingly," said Liszt, "But put out the lamp entirely and cover the fire, to make the darkness complete."

Then, out of this darkness, after a moment's pause, the noble elegy, the same which he had once so strangely disfigured, rose in its sublime simplicity; not a note, not an accent was added to the notes and accents of the composer. It was the shade of Beethoven, invoked by an artist, whose grand voice we now heard. Each of us trembled in silence, and after the last chord we still maintained the silence;—we wept.

Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," at Her Majesty's Theatre.

(From the Daily Telegraph, June 24.)

"On horror's head horrors accumulate" must surely have been Verdi's recommendation to the librettist when Piave set to work on "La Forza del Destino." Or perhaps the poet has received general instructions which he may have summarized into some such recipe as this: First catch a middle-age romance with plenty of action; boil it down to four acts, allowing all character, poetry, and interest to evaporate, but carefully straining off the assassinations; pour in plenty of Church business; mix the suicides and family murders well up with hymns to the Virgin and priestly benedictions; spice with dancing at frequent intervals; throw in curses and chants with a lavish hand; serve up hot and strong, and you'll have a very fair dish of Italian opera." In speaking of "Don Carlos," on the other hand, we alluded to Verdi's fondness for the horrible. But we must confess that we did not then know the "Force of Destiny." Here he absolutely revels in bloodshed. He pours it out with a *desinvolture* that is perfectly charming. There is a something quite fascinating in the grace with which he sticks a hero, as a matador would a bull, looking round meanwhile for the admiration of bright eyes, and tripping off to the lightest of dance tunes. As to describing "La Forza del Destino" seriously, the story is much too rollicking and bloodthirsty for that. The mixture of homeliness and violent death is worthy of a domestic drama of the good old school. When the curtain rises we see a respectable looking old gentleman seated with a lady, whose powdered hair shows her to be living in the middle of the last century. Father and daughter are on the best of terms, and nothing can exceed the affection with which he speaks the first words of opera, "Buona notte!" which, by the bye, would be more appropriate as the last. Having said "Good night!" he immediately goes off, in order to allow the lover to come in. Don Alvaro, the tenor, is going to elope with the soprano, whose name of course is Leonora, that being the only appellation which the poverty-stricken Italian tongue can find for a prima donna who has any self-respect. We do not trouble ourselves about the name of the father, for, as he is indiscreet enough to interrupt the lovers just as they are on the point of starting on their honeymoon, we do not see much more of him. But there is originality in the manner of his "taking off." Novices in the dramatic art, like Da Ponte and Mozart have made Don Giovanni, in a similar peculiarly perplexing predicament, fight the Commendatore and stab him. But the hero of Piave and Verdi is made of nobler stuff. He assures the father that Leonora is "Pura siccome un angelo"—we wonder how many times Verdi has set those highly original words—and, bidding him strike the guilty one, throws his pistol on the ground. But as it falls it goes off and kills the father, who has only just time to curse his

daughter before he dies. Alvaro rushes off, crying out, "Unlucky weapon!" Leonora exclaims, "Ciel vieta," and the curtain falls. There is a Spartan simplicity about this act which is inimitable. One character, whose part consists of "Buona notte; ti maledico," being already disposed of, there is plenty of room for other members of the operatic troupe. We are introduced to them in the second act. Here we find a number of people carousing at an inn, among them a gentleman in black, who declares himself to be a student. But Preziosilla, a gipsy, tells us she knows better; and so do the audience, for they know that Verdi would not throw away a fine baritone voice on an untitled student. Sure enough, through a half-opened door, we catch a glimpse of Leonora, in doublet and hose, and she recognizes in the student a brother whom she seems particularly anxious to avoid. He, on the contrary, is, we guess from his inquiries about a certain traveller, "Was she seated on the mule, or rode astride," is just as desirous to find his sister for the purpose of avenging his father's death. Preziosilla, being a gipsy, of course sings a song and leads a dance, while, the ballet and the church always going together in opera, a procession of monks chant a dismal dirge. In the next scene Leonora seeks protection from a holy father. There is, of course, something piquant in the idea of a woman in male attire being received into the society of monks, and the padre assigns to her a hermit's cave in the rocks. The third act transports us from Spain to Italy, for no better reason than to give us a camp scene, with a capital tarantella danced by vivandières. In a battle that takes place behind the scenes, and the progress of which is watched with telescopes from the stage, Alvaro is dangerously wounded, but saved by the care of Don Carlo, the student of the preceding act, who finds that his friend is the murderer of his father. Alvaro, being a tenor, recovers quickly enough to be able to sing a martial song, and finish the act with a high chest C. The fourth opens with a comic scene between Fra Melitone and the poor people, to whom it is his duty, but not his pleasure, to dispense the hospitality of the monastery. Don Carlo, still intent on revenge, appears on the scene and challenges Alvaro, who, having taken the vows of a monk, refuses to fight until he is struck by his implacable antagonist. The duel takes place outside the groto inhabited by the hermit Leonora, who, emerging from her retreat, is recognized by the combatants after Carlo has been mortally wounded. Calling his sister to him, he stabs her to the heart, and then dies happy. There is now no one to kill Alvaro; but as, of course, he cannot be allowed to live, he throws himself into a torrent, and all the chief *dramatis personæ* being thus made away with, the curtain falls.

The music with which Verdi has enlivened this wild story is so uniform in style that it is not worth while to analyze it in detail, and it may be sufficiently described in conjunction with the singers by whom it is so admirably illustrated. There is no overture, but the opera opens with a decidedly effective prelude. The characteristic theme of the allegro agitato recurs repeatedly, and may be meant to typify the force of fate; while that of the andante, a very graceful and expressive subject, reappears in Leonora's air of the second act, "Madre, pietosa Vergine"—the prayer in which, with the monk's chant of "Venite adoremus" for an accompaniment, she supplicates help from the "Mother of God." In the prelude to the ceremony of her induction as a friar this lovely theme is also heard in inexplicable alternation with full organ chords. This scene is one of the very best in the opera; the large, simple melody of the concluding hymn, "La Vergine degli angeli," well harmonized and effectively supported by a pizzicato accompaniment, proving really impressive. The part of Leonora is finely adapted to Mlle. Tietjens, who, in unusually good voice, gave splendid effect to all the very exacting music, and looked as well in her cavalier's costume, as in her feminine garb. Leonora does not appear at all in the third act, while neither her romance in the first, "Me pellegrina ed orfana," nor her air, with harp accompaniment, "Pace mio dio," in the last, offers any remarkable features; but Mlle. Tietjens made the most of every opportunity for display in a part which is probably even better suited to her than to its original representative, Mme. Barbot. Don Alvaro was written expressly for Signor Tamberlik, and as the opera has, we believe, been given nowhere since its first production in St. Petersburg, about four years ago, the character has been sustained by him alone. But the Roman tenor's voice has, in the meantime, lost much of its power, while that of Signor Mongini is as brilliant now as it was six years since. There is certainly no other Italian singer on the stage who could do justice to so terribly trying a part. In the very first act the beauty of his high notes, especially his B flat, and the perfect ease with which he gives them out, de-

lighted his hearers and made them pleased even with the commonplace duet of the lovers, "Ah! seguiti." But his chief effects were in the third act. Alvaro's aria, "Or tu che in seno," a melodious and characteristically Verdi-ian effusion, provided with a recitative and a long prelude, in which there is a pretty clarinet solo, produced a sensation, and the audience would gladly have heard it a second time. The bold melody of the finale with chorus, "S'affronti la morte," a parallel to the similarly placed "Di quella pira" of "Il Trovatore," was given out with such unstinted force, such reckless energy, that the singer could only just reach the C with which the piece and the act conclude. The famous "Ut de poitrine" was however attained, and the audience were in ecstasies, recalling the popular tenor with enthusiasm. Signor Mongini's voice is too noble to be lightly or thoughtlessly imperilled. Mr. Santley is perfectly admirable as Don Carlo. There is not the shadow of a fault to be found with any phrase that he sings in the whole course of the opera, but his most strikingly successful effort is in the scena, "Vero fatale del mio destino," the slow movement of which, on a frank and genuine melody effectively accompanied, is the best solo in the opera. It was splendidly sung by our English baritone, the elaborate cadenza, extending to the high G, being admirably articulated. Equally excellent and equally well fitted is Madame Trebelli in the part of Preziosilla, whose clever and characteristic canzone, "Al suon del tamburo," was deservedly applauded, and who led a rataplan with chorus with such spirit that it was vociferously echoed. In this, which would not have been written but for a certain well-known rataplan in "Les Huguenots," as mostly throughout the opera, the fresh-voiced chorus singers proved themselves very efficient. It was largely owing to them that the *preghiera* of the second act, "Padre eterno Signor," a fine concerted piece, in which a double choir and five principal singers—the first soprano soaring high above the rest—participate, won its enthusiastic encore. Not only were the chief singers as excellent as they could be, but the subordinate characters were equally well sustained. Herr Rokitsanski, though not in good voice, was an impressive Padre Guardiano; Signor Gassier was excellent as the comic Fra Melitone; no fault could be found with Signor Bossi, who presented li Marchese, Leonora's father; Signor Foli was a good Alcalde; and Mr. Hohler exhibited some histrionic talent by his admirable make-up and demeanor as the pedlar Trabucco. The scenery was sufficiently picturesque, the costumes new and appropriate, and more than usual attention had apparently been paid to the details of the *mise-en-scène*.

To all, and they are many, who admire and enjoy Verdi's early operas, "La Forza del Destino" will be a godsend. It abounds with facile and striking melody; it alternates between dashing, feverish brightness and strong, serious interest; is invariably dramatic, and is most admirably performed. Its success with the general public is certain. At the same time, we must confess that we long for something in opera that is spontaneously genial and unaffectedly lovely, after the series of ghastly and lime-light illuminated pictures which Verdi for twenty years has kept constantly before our eyes.

Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

Just twenty years ago a "star from the North" came to throw some rays of consoling light upon the at that time gloomy fortunes of Mr. Lumley. Opera-goers thought it was "all over" with the director and proprietor of Her Majesty's Theatre, and were about to chant his "Requiescat." But on a certain 4th of May, Jenny Lind appeared, and in an instant matters changed. "One glance"—said Robert Schumann, in 1836, announcing the appearance of an unknown work by Schubert—"one glance. . . . und die Welt glänzt wieder frisch." With even more propriety might Mr. Lumley have uttered the same words in 1847, after the first few notes had issued from the throat of the "Swedish Nightingale," whose triumph enabled him for a period not only to make head against the formidable opposition instituted that same year at Covent Garden, but to ruin the first speculators and put their successors to many a shift.

Now in the present year, up to this moment, the fortunes of Her Majesty's Theatre have looked anything but bright. The old operas, even with Mdlle. Tietjens as prima donna, have failed to "draw." One or two new singers, from whom more or less was expected, have afforded scant satisfaction. Signor Mongini, Mr. Santley, and Madame Trebelli-Bettini, the first with his magnificent voice, the others with their admirable singing, have been unable to stem the tide of ill-luck. The reproduction of Verdi's lugubrious "I Lombardi" only served to show that it had not been shelved without reason. The livelier "Fal-

staff," which pleased so greatly three years since, and promised to become a stock piece in the repertory, was scarcely more fruitful. True, the cast of Nicolai's opera was inferior to that of 1864, when Giuglini played *Fenton*, M. Marcello Janca *Fulstaff*, and Mdlle. Bettelheim *Mrs. Page*—parts now represented with far less efficiency by Mr. Tom Hohler, Herr Rokitsanski, and Madame De Meric-Lablache. No matter what the cause, however, "Falstaff" did little for the theatre. The "Huguenots" itself appeared to have lost its charm; even Mozart's incomparable "Figaro," strongly cast, was powerless for good; nothing, in short, would take. At the moment, too, when Mdlle. Tietjens was about to show (to her honor) how much more at home she is in Beethoven's "Fidelio" than in certain Italian opera parts in which she so curiously delights to exhibit, a temporary loss of voice shut her out from the arena. One gleam of hope was shed by the refulgent glare of Weber's "Oberon," which attracted an immense audience; but, owing it may be presumed to the indisposition of Mdlle. Tietjens, an indisposition possibly aggravated by her zealous exertions on the night of that single performance, "Oberon," was not repeated. There was still a fine company; there was still Signor Arditi, with his orchestra, and still a chorus unmatched in Europe; but all was to little purpose. The old cloud again hung frowningly over Her Majesty's Theatre, shrouding the future in darkness. Nothing could attract the public. Everybody went to hear Patti, or Lucca, at the Royal Italian Opera; while the venerable portals of the elder house were swinging on their hinges, apparently only to let in the wind, like the door of Cenci's sombre castle in Shelley's tragedy—or at all events to admit privileged visitors, which, if not an equivalent for wind, is at best an equivalent for smoke. However, just as the crisis seemed inevitable, the 10th of June arrived, and with the 10th of June a complete reaction. A fair apparition, in the shape of another "Swedish Nightingale," turned everything topsy turvy, as if by magic. Mdlle. Christine Nilsson has been announced from the beginning in the prospectus, but very little attention was paid to the fact. Mdlle. Ilma de Murska had also been announced in the prospectus, but no Mdlle. Ilma de Murska made a sign. Tired out, nevertheless, with the old and worn routine, when the name of Mdlle. Nilsson was seen advertised in the bills of the day, operatic London awoke; the habitual frequenters rushed to the box-office; the privileged visitors were scattered like chaff; there was no more wind, no more smoke; the cloud was dispersed, and on the eventful evening the house was crammed to the roof by an audience for all the world like that which, so many years back, under similar circumstances, had assembled to greet the original "Swedish Nightingale." Christine Nilsson appeared, and though the opera was that naughty "Traviata," it was all the same. She came, she sang, she conquered.

The history of Mdlle. Nilsson, in so far as it concerns the public, may be briefly told. She came out not long since at the Théâtre Lyrique in Paris, as the heroine in a French version of the same "Traviata," and, as the representative of *Violetta*, obtained an undisputed success, although one of her most enthusiastic partisans (in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*) was compelled to say that "ce rôle de courtisane est médiocrement en harmonie, ce semble, avec les qualités qui la distinguent." "But"—adds Mdlle. Nilsson's panegyrist—"le naturel et le comme il faut percent dans tout." This, it must be admitted, was but equivocal praise, although no one who had witnessed the performance of Mdlle. Nilsson felt disposed to question the truth of it. It is not, however, to the "Traviata," nor to M. Flotow's "Martha," in which she also appeared as *Lady Henriette*, with signal success, that the interesting young Swede owes her Parisian reputation, but to a part, alike in a musical and dramatic sense, of a very different character from either. One of the various undertakings of M. Carvalho, manager of the Théâtre Lyrique, who has for some time been in the habit of bringing out French versions of German operas (with which, by the way, no end of liberties are taken by his adapters), was the production of "Die Zauberflöte," under the title of "La Flûte Enchantée." The part of *Astrafiamante* (Queen of Night) was entrusted to Mdlle. Nilsson, and her execution of the two celebrated airs, unexampled for difficulty, showed her to be mistress of an exceptional range and power of voice which, strong as was the impression she had already created, took musical Paris by surprise. That the long run of Mozart's fantastic opera at the Théâtre Lyrique was chiefly due to the singing of Mdlle. Nilsson is undoubted. "Ce fut une révélation"—wrote an influential critic at the time—"cette voix splendide, virgine, juste, flexible, égale en sa rare étendue, modulant, trilliant à des hauteurs inaccessibles." Indeed French amateurs, almost unanimous-

ly, hailed "a phenomenon;" and although we are not quite able to understand what "modulant et trilliant à des hauteurs inaccessibles" may precisely signify, inasmuch as we never heard of modulating to a height, or trilling to a height, or reaching by any means to heights that are inaccessible, we are quite prepared to share the enthusiasm of the critic whose flowery sentence we have quoted. Christine Nilsson became the talk of Paris; and the words applied by an Austrian dignitary to the celebrated Madame Lange, for whom Mozart composed the airs in question—"Sie singt Sterne"—which the *feuilletonistes* freely translated "Les étoiles lui sortent de la bouche," were as freely applied to her. The *Queen of Night*, as exhibited under the features of "cette vierge du Nord," became the rage; the Sun of Italy for a time looked pale before the Polar Star, and the singing of Mdlle. Nilsson made even the music of Mozart popular with the pleasure-loving sons and daughters of Lutetia.

It is only natural that a reputation so brilliant, although almost literally achieved in one night, and by a single performance—for it was the second and most difficult of *Astrafiamante*'s airs that made the "hit"—should have roused the attention of our English managers; and it was simply a question at which of our Italian opera-houses Mdlle. Nilsson should be offered the opportunity of revealing herself to London. With two young "absolute first ladies" of the highest pretensions, Mr. Gye thought probably he had enough on his hands; and so the chance has fallen to Mr. Mapleson, who, in the uncertainty that seems to attend the proceedings of Mdlle. Ilma de Murska, stood greatly in need of something of the kind. And now that she has come forth under his auspices he has as good cause as had Mr. Lumley himself, twenty years ago, to exclaim with Schumann, "Ein Blick. . . . und die Welt glänzt wieder frisch." Mdlle. Nilsson has played to houses crowded to the roof. We wish she had made her début in any part but that of Dumas the younger's phisically sentimental heroine. She cannot, or at least does not, act the character; and no one will think the worse of her on that account. But to atone for the absence of a dramatic filling-up, she sings the music, which here and there contains some of the melodious and touching that Signor Verdi has composed, in a manner very little short of perfection. Mdlle. Nilsson has many qualities to attract. Her appearance is greatly in her favor; and no sooner was she seen and recognized than a murmur, like a foreboding of success, went audibly through the house. Pale, fair-haired, a little above the medium height, slender in frame, composed and graceful in bearing, she had won general sympathy before she opened her lips. The first sentence *Violetta* has to utter, in her part of the drinking duet with *Alfredo* ("Libiamo, libiamo,") confirmed the good impression, and discovered a pure soprano the mere freshness of whose tones would alone have exercised a charm, and at the same time not less bright and penetrating than youthful and unworn. As the opera proceeded, the exceptional attributes of this rare voice, as extended in compass as it is beautiful in quality, were one by one revealed; and the air and quick movement—or, to employ a conventional term, the *cabaleta*—which bring the opening act to an end, the first in a minor key ("Ah, fors'è lui che l'anima,") given with heartfelt expression, the last ("Sempre libera,") in the more cheerful and animated major, with a finish, brilliancy, and characteristic individuality beyond praise, set the seal upon a triumph as genuine as it was undisputed. If music, "*regina sensuum*," as some philosophers hold, is the best remedy for melancholy—*mentis medicina maesta*—one would imagine that so accomplished a mistress as *Violetta* here showed herself might be her own doctor and effect her own cure. The impression produced by this display was unequivocal, and Mdlle. Nilsson had already established her position in the opinion of all who heard her as a singer of the first rank.

We shall not attempt to follow the new comer step by step through the entire performance, because we feel convinced that she will find more favorable opportunities for the exhibition, not merely of her great natural gifts, but of her artistic acquirements, than are presented in any part of "La Traviata," which we confess, in spite of the admirably dramatic and well-conducted finale to the second act, and a vast deal of pretty and elegant music, is an opera we should like to see banished now and for ever from the stage. Every character in the drama, with a single exception, is more or less contemptible; while that single exception, the elder *Gertrude*, *Alfredo*'s father, is unhappily an unmitigated bore. Mdlle. Nilsson has been greatly lauded by one or two of our contemporaries for dispensing with all the little bits of byplay which let us into the secret of *Violetta*'s incurable melody, and with other virtues of omission; but this only means that she does not play the character

as the author intended it, as Madame Doche used to play it, in the French drama, and Mlle. Piccolomini, in the Italian operatic version; and that we are half left to believe that consumption has nothing to do with the matter, and that *Violetta* dies purely out of love, like "a maid forsaken and distraught." The wisest resolution, in our opinion, that Mlle. Nilsson could possibly adopt would be to abandon such parts altogether and confine herself to a healthier repertory.

In conclusion, let us not be over sanguine. Mlle. Nilsson has been compared with Jenny Lind. They are both Swedes, we are aware; but it is necessary to bear in mind that Jenny Lind's range of characters was varied and extensive—Italian, German, and French opera being equally within her grasp. Should Mlle. Nilsson prove equally versatile, it will be well for the act she professes, and even now, it must be admitted, adorns. Time, however, alone can show. The high estimate of her capacity entertained abroad may be gathered from the fact that she is engaged at the Grand Opéra in Paris to play the part of *Ophelia* in M. Ambroise Thomas's forthcoming opera of "Hamlet." We can much more readily picture to ourselves an ideal *Ophelia* in Mlle. Nilsson than a musical "Hamlet" from M. Thomas; but the distinction conferred thus early on the young artist is none the less. On the other hand, one thing is certain—Madame Milani Carvalho will be glad to see her most formidable rival removed from the Théâtre Lyrique to another establishment.

Meanwhile Mlle. Nilsson's second part in London is *Margaret*, in "Faust." She, too, was "unfortunate"—but with a difference.—*Saturday Review*, June 15th.

A New Organ.

(From the Chicago Republican.)

The completion of the great organ in the Boston Music Hall was hailed as an event of national interest. It was a novelty, and crowds flocked to see and hear it. There was trace of Old World grandeur in its massive tones, that touched a new chord in American life. Other cities quickly caught the spirit. Brooklyn and Worcester have already their large organs, and the Young Men's Christian Association now propose to devote fifty or sixty thousand dollars to the purchase of one for Chicago. The Jesuit church is also to have one, at a cost of about thirty thousand dollars.

Even admitting that a spirit of rivalry has much to do with it, these are significant facts in our musical history, and, taken in connection with the rapid revolutions in taste within the last few years, promise much for the future. It has not been very long since negro minstrelsy was the only distinctively American style of music. In the parlor, in the concert-room, in the streets, and even at church, translated into grave and solemn measure, its simple strains were heard. It had its merits. There was an occasional vein of real pathos in it, oddly contrasting with quaint outbursts of rollicking mirth. It pictured the moods of a mercurial race, of which Mr. Gottschalk has best caught the poetic side. But Ethiopian minstrelsy has mostly passed with the social phases that gave it birth, to be unearthed, perhaps, by some antiquarian of the next century, and held up like the lays of the Troubadours and Minnesingers, as a peculiarity of our civilization.

Next followed a deluge of moral ballads. Some one struck a new key. It touched the heart of the people, and forthwith the country was flooded with sentimental outpourings in bad poetry and worse music. Home and the family ties were the burdens of the song. Good subjects, certainly, but they suggested the stereotyped good little boy in the Sunday-school books. He gets to be dreadfully tiresome if he is good, and one cannot help cherishing the naughty wish to read about some bad little boy, if the bad little boy only won't be stupid. It was the first timid venture of Puritanism into the field of secular art, if art it could be called, and it probably was not thought best to make it too attractive. Still, it reflected a pleasant phase in our social life, and developed a few simple and characteristic melodic forms, of which the rest were diluted imitations.

The war brought its train of patriotic songs, modeled mostly after the same forms. These fulfilled their mission, and passed with the occasion. But the war brought also the maturity that ripens fast in great revolutions. Heroic deeds gave birth to heroic thoughts. The current of life deepened. After the storm, the "still small voice" was heard. But it sought more poetic forms. The soil was ripe to receive the seeds of an old art-culture that were cast broadside over the country through the great influx of foreign artists. It remains yet to be seen what shall spring up and bear fruit, and what shall need hot-house nurture.

But one of the most hopeful signs of the development of a solid taste is the demand for organs and organ music. Art, cherished from whatever idle motives of vanity or fashion, becomes a teacher. Love follows knowledge. The influence of the organ as a moral power, finds ample illustration. It is essentially the interpreter of sacred music, and naturally follows in the wake of strong religious convictions. Or is it a cause as well as an effect? It was the chief instrument of Germany in its evangelical era—the era that preceded Klopstock and Lessing, and produced Bach, the great master-spirit of the organ, and the creator of the Protestant type of music. Its influence has moulded the religious musical element, of which Mendelssohn is the best modern exponent, and is the basis of the grand choral music of Germany.

The instincts of France are more dramatic. Its taste is formed from the operatic stage. The organ is too grave for the impulsive French character. The orchestra is better adapted even to the brilliant Catholic service, and their organs are said to differ from the German in the predominance of the effective reed stops. But in England, the influence of the organ can be most clearly traced. English taste is proverbially solid, like her institutions, and verifies the words of the Chinese moralist, Confucius, who has aptly said, "Wouldst thou know if a people be well governed, if their manners be good or bad, examine the music they perform." England is eminently the home of the oratorio. Handel and Mendelssohn have always found there the largest audience, and the warmest admirers. She has also the finest Protestant cathedral service in the world. Without pretending to discuss the English creative genius in art, it is safe to conclude that a taste which has grown out of strong moral convictions is on the whole a better model than that which has grown out of a civilization that always sleeps upon the verge of revolution.

The ultimate direction of American taste is scarcely yet determined, but there is a strong element in our social life which must find its best expression in the style of music of which the organ is the interpreter. A large organ naturally calls for a large choir. This suggests the possibility of a permanent choral society in Chicago in connection with the Musical Conservatory, which, sustained by a large organ, may bring out the great oratorios with suitable power. With such a central impulse, and a broader musical education, other choral societies would naturally spring up through the country, and we might in no great length of time hope for something like the English festivals, where thousands of voices join in the grand old master-pieces with a thrilling effect that can scarcely be conceived, and the hearing of which forms an era in a life-time.

Music Abroad.

London.

CRYSTAL PALACE. The beautiful Palace, to help repair the ravages by fire, took a benefit on its own account in the last week of June. An enormous audience filled the middle transept and the galleries adjacent. The orchestra was filled by some 2500 singers and players, the very best that London could bring together. Very seldom has any concert united so many artists of the highest rank. The arrangements, as at the Handel Festivals, were superintended by the Sacred Harmonic Society. "The Crystal Palace," as the *Times* says, "has done a world of good for music, and it is only right that a moment of need musicians should come forward to lend a helping hand to the Crystal Palace;" which they all did freely. The first part consisted of copious selections from *Elijah*, Mr. Costa conducting. According to the *Times*—

"A finer execution of *Elijah*, or rather of those portions of *Elijah* selected for performance, was never heard in this country. The choruses were superb, from "Help, Lord!" sequel to the inimitable orchestral overture, to "And then shall your light break forth," the natural termination of the oratorio and also of Wednesday's performance—one proof among many of the admirable discernment with which the selection had been made. We might dwell upon more than one of the choral performances—as, for example, "Baal, we cry to thee!" with its two wonderfully characteristic companions, "Hear our cry," and "Hear and answer, Baal," "Blessed are the men," and "He watching over Israel," which in the delicate observance of light and shade we do not

remember to have been surpassed; and last and greatest to all, "Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land," which might bear comparison with the most successful achievements at any of the Handel Festivals; but it is enough to extend that general and hearty commendation which is the just due of a performance almost from first to last irreproachable. The times, too, of each chorus were taken to absolute perfection. How the solo vocal parts were sustained by Mlle. Tietjens, Mesdames Rudersdorff and Sain-ton-Dolby, Messrs. Santley and Sims Reeves, may easily be imagined. On such an occasion it would be out of place to criticize the performances of these distinguished artists; but, happily, they brought such excellent goodwill to their several tasks that, under any circumstances, they would have afforded the most exacting critic little chance of exercising his functions. Enough that the selection from the two parts of *Elijah*—a very liberal one, including a large majority of the finest pieces—was heard with unqualified satisfaction from beginning to end; and the only regret was that, under such unusual conditions, the whole of the noblest oratorio of modern times could not be presented. The occasional "practices" at Exeter Hall of the "contingent 1,600," representing the quota supplied by London to the Handel Festival Chorus, have borne good fruits.

The second part was miscellaneous. It began with such a performance of Auber's overture to *Masaniello* as would have made its composer twenty years younger could he have heard it. The orchestra, some 450 strong, played as one man, under the energetic beat of a conductor born to sway the movement of vast masses—the orchestral generalissimo of Europe! The effect was "electric." The overture was called for again, amid a storm of applause, and repeated with the same precision and effect. Another "sensation" was produced immediately afterwards by Madame Grisi in "The Minstrel Boy." The emphasis and meaning thrown into this, one of the grandest of Irish melodies, by our old and always vividly remembered favorite, impressed itself on every hearer, and an encore as unanimous as it was hearty showed how thoroughly her efforts had been appreciated. Never was public performer received with more marked and significant favor. Then came the familiar duet, "Crudel perche," from Mozart's *Figaro*, sung by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Signor Graziani, as it has so frequently been sung for the delight of crowded audiences at the Royal Italian Opera; and then Handel's marvellously brilliant "Let the bright Seraphim," executed in perfection by Mlle. Adelina Patti, with Mr. T. Harper as trumpet—a performance which excited the never-failing enthusiasm. The revolutionary duet from *Masaniello*, sung by Signors Naudin and Graziani, and the great scene of Leonora from *Fidelio*, in which the noble voice of Madame Maria Vilda was heard with fine effect, followed next, and were succeeded by Mr. Costa's beautiful *terzetto*, "Vanne a colei cho adoro," sung by Mlle. Adelina Patti, Signor Mario, and Mr. Sims Reeves. This was one of the most genuine treats of the day; and no wonder that it should be unanimously asked for again. To say nothing of Mlle. Patti, whose part it would have been difficult to fill so well, it was a treat to hear the greatest of Italian and the greatest of English tenors join their voices together in a piece of music so admirably calculated to display the best qualities of each. After the trio came Thalberg's brilliant piano-forte *fantasia* on "Home, sweet Home," played by Madame Arabella Goddard, as she had played it over and over again, and received with the favor to which she has always been accustomed since she first helped to make popular this very popular composition. The prayer from Rossini's *Mosè in Egitto*, glorious in its majestic simplicity, was admirably given by the choir and encored as a matter of course. To this succeeded the air, with chorus, "Com è gentil," from Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, in which Signor Mario, how it need not be said, sang the solo part; "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," from Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, charmingly sung by Madame Sherrington (piccolo, Mr. Rockstro); the magnificent air, with chorus, "Sound an Alarm," from the same composer's *Judas Maccabeus*, splendidly declaimed by Mr. Sims Reeves, who has long made it his own; the comic trio from Cimarosa's *Matrimonio Segreto*, with Mesdames Grisi, Rudersdorff, and Sain-ton-Dolby, as Carolina, Elizabetha, and Fidalma; "O ruder-dier than the cherry," given with his accustomed spirit and gusto by Mr. Santley (flute, Mr. R. S. Pratten); and, to conclude, the famous trio, with chorus, "See the conquering hero comes," in which the solo parts were undertaken by Mesdames Sherrington, Rudersdorff, and Sain-ton, a worthy ending to a concert almost unparalleled in variety of attraction. The only regret was that Mlle. Tietjens, who had delighted everybody present with her singing of "Hear ye, Israel," and "Holy! Holy!" in *Elijah*,

had nothing put down for her in the "miscellaneous" selection.

The Prince of Wales remained through the whole of *Elijah* and until about the middle of the second part. The concert was a brilliant success, and it is hoped may prove of substantial advantage to the Crystal Palace.

MME. ARABELLA GODDARD. The London papers are ringing the praises of their favorite pianist, for giving a performance restricted to a selection from Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, except that Mme. Sainton-Dolby sang songs with words between the four groups of the wordless, each containing four.

OPERA. At Her Majesty's, the Nilsson had appeared in her second rôle, Gounod's Margaret, and with increase of admiration. They say she loses all recollection of herself in the *Gretchen* of Goethe. Mme. Trebelli was the Siebel; Sig. Gardoni, Faust; and Pandolfini, Mephistopheles.—The succeeding pieces were the *Huguenots*, *Faust* again, *Traviata* again, and then the long promised "*Forza del Destino*," followed by *Faust*, *Martha*, *Faust*, &c., &c.

At Covent Garden, meanwhile, they had *Sonambula*, with Patti; *Don Carlos* again; *La Favorita*, with Lucca, Mario and Graziani; *L'Africaine*; *Don Giovanni*; *Il Barbiere*; *Faust*; *Crispino*, with repetitions of some of these. Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette* is in rehearsal.

Of Verdi's "*La Forza*" we have already read one description, strongly condemnatory of the plot. Another critic says:

In ghastly, fierce, and strained combinations like this, Signor Verdi revels, but sometimes without even such inspiration as animates his better music. In "*La Forza*" all is violence and elaboration. Hardly a trait of pure individual melody is to be found from the first to the last; but in place of it, either reproductions of the most faded form of commonplace Italian *cabaletta*, or passages with some interval affectingly omitted (for the disappointment of the ear,) which have not the excuse of French Opera mannerism, since that belongs to the style of the country. Halévy would have been untrue to his birthplace had it not been mannered. Signor Verdi is untrue to Busseto, his Italian home, because he is so. There is considerable ingenuity in some of the accompaniments, which, after all, are merely (in opera) subsidiary concealments of the meagreness of the melody. Those to *Don Alvaro*'s great air are violent, lurid, with a certain originality in them which reminds us of Weber's *spread* pianoforte phrases. But that the matter so elaborately dressed was not worth cooking, we are satisfied, and even in this branch of his labor Signor Verdi is as open audacious and experimental as successful. The best number in the opera—indeed, one of the best pieces which Signor Verdi has ever written—is the Quintet with double chorus, No. 9, Act 2. There is a certain dry humor in the music given to *Fra Melitone*, which, by the way, is exceedingly well wrought out by M. Gassier. The Tarantella, No. 25, is spirited; but we could not easily name anything more commonplace than the gipsy's *rataplan* song and chorus. One or two other concerted pieces, in the writer's peculiar style, should be mentioned, but none equal those in "*Nabucco*," "*Ernani*" and "*Il Traviatore*." There is no want of earnestness in him; but blundering in the dark and walking forward in the bright light of day, imply different conditions of culture and progress. We may return to these Verdi operas again, since "be they white, or be they black" (as the nursery rhyme hath it), they are the works of one of the few living men who have the ear of Europe, and, as such, claim deliberate consideration. But return does not imply becoming inured to defects and extravagances belonging to a time of false taste and decay. The performance at Her Majesty's Theatre is, in many respects, as good as could possibly be obtained for a work so violent and so complicated. Mlle. Tietjens and Signor Mongini were cut out by Nature to sing Signor Verdi's music, and did their best. Mme. Trebelli Bettini gave the voluble music of *Preciosa*, the gipsy, very well—as she always does; but the part is written inconceivably high in more than one passage. Of M. Gassier's excellent performance we have spoken. Mr. Tom Hobler and Herr Rokitsky were out of tune. Due care had been taken to prepare the opera, and the public received it well. Whether the success is to last or not remains to be seen.

ELLA'S MUSICAL UNION. The sixth Matinée (June 18) was made famous by the first performance since 1859 of Anton Rubinstein, "the greatest of living pianists" (in the opinion of the *Orchestra*), a "composer of a vast collection of important works for the theatre and concert room." Vieuxtemps also took part, with Ries for second violin, Goffrie and Hahn viole, and Jacquard violoncello; and, according to the *Orchestra*, there never was anything so fine as their rendering of the following programme:

Quartet, B flat, No. 69. Haydn.
Trio, C minor (Op. 66). Mendelssohn.
Quintet in C (Op. 29). Beethoven.
Nocturne, D flat. Chopin.
Capriccio, No. 3 (Op. 16), A minor. Mendelssohn.
Tarantella, B minor. A. Rubinstein.

PHILHARMONIC. The seventh concert of the Old Society was one of the most interesting yet given. The selections were: Symphony, No. 1, in E flat, Spohr; Preludium and Benedictus from Beethoven's great Mass in D, sung by Mlle. Tietjens, Mlle. Drasdil, Messrs. Morgan and Santley, with violin obligato by Mr. Blagrove; Scenes from *Freischütz*, by Tietjens; Beethoven's Choral Fantasia, the piano part by Mme. Arabella Goddard; and for Part Second, Mendelssohn's "*Walpurgis Night*."

The third and fourth of Dr. Wylde's excellent New Philharmonic Concerts, in St. George's Hall, were as attractive as either of their predecessors. At the third we had Mendelssohn's earliest published symphony—the one in C minor, a marvellous work, the age at which it was composed taken into consideration. Dr. Wylde had the good taste to perform the original *scherzo* in this symphony, instead of the one arranged from the *Ottetto* by Mendelssohn, at the instigation of the Philharmonic Society. The overtures were Cherubini's *Anacreon* and Weber's *Oberon*, both executed with remarkable vigor. Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto was played in his most finished manner by Mr. Hallé, who introduced, in the first and last movements, the composer's own cadences. Vocal music was contributed by the young and promising Miss Abbott and Mlle. Pauline Lucca, the last of whom was compelled to repeat the "*Jewel-song*" from Gounod's *Faust*.

At the fourth concert the symphony was that of Mendelssohn in A minor (the "*Scotch*," very finely played, and the *scherzo* encored unanimously. Mr. Henry Holmes, one of the best of our English violinists, gave Spohr's so-called "*Dramatic Concerto*" with remarkable neatness and brilliancy of execution, and with well-merited success. There were two concertos in this richly varied programme—the other being Beethoven's fifth and greatest for the pianoforte, which Madame Arabella Goddard has essayed so frequently in public that it is unnecessary to say more than that she played it with her accustomed brilliancy and deep poetic feeling and was unanimously called back into the orchestra at the termination. The overtures were Meyerbeer's elaborate and highly dramatic prelude to his brother, Michael Beer's, tragedy of *Struensee*, and a new "*Festal overture*," in C, by Mr. T. M. Mudie, an English composer about whom, of late years, we have heard too little. Mr. Mudie is in every sense a distinguished musician, and his overture, though placed at the end of the concert, created a real impression. Its plan is unambitious and its style proportionately light; but it everywhere shows the hand of a master, both in its orchestration and the conduct of its details. Those who are acquainted with the earlier compositions of Mr. Mudie, more especially his symphonies in B flat, F, and D, his quintet in C minor, and his vocal settings of some of Petrarca's sonnets, could hardly have been surprised at this; on the contrary, their only surprise must have been that a musician thus accomplished and endowed should in these times of progress obtain so few opportunities of hearing. Dr. Wylde, however, has proved himself an adventurous explorer, and one of these days, perhaps, may favor us with one of Mr. Mudie's symphonies. The vocal music at this concert was contributed by Mlle. Sinico and Signor Gassier—the first of whom was loudly encored after her spirited delivery of the *Polacca* of Anchen, from Weber's *Der Freischütz*—well known to frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre. At the fifth and last concert (on Wednesday night) the symphony was Beethoven's No. 7, the concertos Hummel's in A flat for pianoforte, played by Miss Kate Roberts, one of Dr. Wylde's most promising pupils, and Mendelssohn's for violin, by Herr Auer; the overtures were that of Signor Schira to his opera, *Nicolo dei Lapi*, and Weber's characteristic *Preciosa*. The singers were Madame Trebelli-Bettini and Sig-

nor Mongini, from Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Schira's spirited, brilliant, and dramatic overture was finely played, and the composer loudly called forward at the end.—*Musical World*.

MR. HALLE'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS, in St. James's Hall, become more and more interesting as they proceed. The introduction at each of one of the sonatas of Schubert has proved a most interesting feature. Next to the sonatas of Beethoven those of Schubert rank indisputably highest for originality and rich variety of invention. Schubert has only left ten such works, but each in its way is a masterpiece. At the fifth recital (yesterday week,) Mr. Hallé played the sonata in A minor, Op. 143, which, like its companions, was not published till after the death of the composer—and which the publishers inscribed to Mendelssohn, who, doubtless, would have preferred that compliment from Schubert himself. This sonata, a strange work in plan, but grand and forcible in expression, was finely played, and thoroughly appreciated by Mr. Hallé's select audience. Another great attraction in the new series of "*Recitals*" is the introduction at each of a sonata for pianoforte and violoncello, the post of violoncello being held by that unrivalled performer Signor Piatti. The five sonatas of Beethoven for those instruments have now been all given, the one on Friday week being the second of Op. 102 (in D,) dedicated by the composer to his constant friend and patron the Countess Erdödy. The last movement of this—an elaborately constructed fugue—is reckoned among the Beethoven puzzles; but, in the hands of two such players as Mr. Hallé and Signor Piatti, it comes out with crystalline clearness. The Beethoven sonatas being exhausted, the two by Mendelssohn are included at the sixth and seventh "*Recitals*" respectively.

Paris.

Nearly all the music of late has centered upon the Great Exposition; for instance, July 1st, the Festival of Peace, with solemn distribution of the prizes: Rossini's Hymn of "Peace," with six great bells and firing of cannon.—July 4th. Great Exposition Concert, conducted by Hainl, with 550 orchestra players and 500 Chorus singers: the *Iphigenia* overture with a new conclusion by Halévy (instead of Wagner's); Hymn "to France," by Berlioz; Choruses from *Judas Maccabæus*; and the Prize Cantata, by M. St. Saëns, &c.—On the 5th and 7th, Festival Concerts of the French Orpheonistes (male singing societies.)—On the 8th, international competition of male singing societies; 6000 singers, including 340 French societies, the "*Polyhymnia*" from Cologne, the "*Legia*" from Liege, the "*Orlando Lasso*" from Halle, the "*Tonic-sol-fa*" from England, the "*Cecilians*" from Geneva, &c.—14th, grand competition of brass instruments, 4000 blowers.—15th and 16th, competition of *Harmonie-music*; and on the 21st, international competition of 12 military corps.

This is the eccentric title given by Rossini to his wonderful Hymn, a childish effort of his old age apparently, and which (by all accounts) was not impressive, and contained nothing to prevent its being forgotten as soon as it was heard:

A NAPOLEON III.

ET

A SON VAILLANT PEUPLE.

H Y M N E

AVEC ACCOMPANIMENT A GRAND ORCHESTRE ET MUSIQUE MILITAIRE,

Pour baryton (solo), un PONTIFE,

Chœur de Grands Prêtres,

Chœur de Vivandières, de Soldats, et de Peuple.

A la fin

DANSE, CLOCHES, TAMBOURS ET CANONS,

Excuses du peu!!

G. ROSSINI.

Passy.

1867.

Paroles d'E. Paëini.

A contemporary states that M. Gounod has undertaken as the subject of his next opera no story less painful than that of "*Francesca da Rimini*." We cannot but feel concern at this. Convinced as he must be of his rare power in love-tragedy, he might wisely recollect that its demands are great, not merely as calling for novelty in the treatment of a subject essentially monotonous, but that these mournful stories claim actors and actresses of a charm and accomplishment which are, to say the least of it, exceptional. What has become of the comic opera which he was to have written for the Opéra Comique? That M. Gounod has a fine vein of humor was clearly

displayed in his "Médecin;" that he is a delicate master of what may be called Shandian pathos (in default of a better epithet) is proved in his settings of Béranger's songs, where the music (this is saying much) adds to the words a beauty equal to their own. The world would rather have a good opera of mezzo *carattere* than the most high flown illustration of any episode in the Divina Commedia.—*Athenæum*.

Germany.

HILDESHEIM. The *Musical World* (London) has the following letter:

J. S. Bach's *Matthäus Passion* was lately performed in St. Michael's Church, Hildesheim, with the most gratifying success. That such a performance was possible in a town no bigger than ours speaks volumes for the ability and energy of Herr Nick, who, for the last ten years, has devoted himself to the cause of art here, and worked up the Vocal Association under his guidance to a state of great effectiveness. Herr Nick was ably supported by his professional visitors. Mme. Joachim sang the contralto music very finely; her execution of the air in the second part, the *obbligato* violin accompaniment being undertaken by no less an artist than Herr Joachim himself, produced more than ordinary effect. The other solo parts were given by a fair amateur of this town, Herr Denner, from Cassel, Herr Blatzmacher, from Hanover, and Herr R. Greber, formerly of Weimar.—At a party after the concert, Herr Joachim gave as toast: "May the brook of the most lofty sacred art, which has at last flowed to Hildesheim, never dry up, but ever continue to extend its vivifying waters!" To understand the above, the non-German scholar must be informed that the German for "brook" is "Bach."

BERLIN.—The opera will open here in the beginning of August with Auber's *Part du Diable*. The principal character will be sustained by Mlle. Grün.—A monumental stone has been erected to the memory of Mlle. de Ahna, whose premature death was so great a loss to the art. The artists of the Royal Theatre organized a musical festival for the occasion.

GOtha.—Spohr's oratorio of *Die letzten Dinge* was performed under the direction of Herr Wandersleb at the concert for the Freiligrath Fund.

LEIPZIG.—A new opera, *Faustina Hasse*, by Herr Louis Schubert, of Dresden, is to be given here next season.

HALLE.—The Singacademic gave a performance of Handel's *Alexander's Feast* at the commencement of the present month.

The Coronation Mass of the Abbé Liszt, performed at Buda the other day, says the *Gazette Musicale*, produced a great effect. It is written in a style differing from that of the Gran Mass. In it the orchestra plays the most important part. A singularity is to be noticed in the "Credo," sung in plain song as at the Church of the Dominicans at Rome, and simply accompanied by the organ, which follows the voices almost constantly without harmony.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 20, 1867.

About Fugues.

An old contributor gives us to-day another of his very clear and methodical papers on the subject of Musical Form. For the most part he puts things in their right relation, but there is one point on which we think his remarks are likely to mislead. He calls the Fugue a "quasi Art-form;" and by his development of the statement it appears that the *quasi* is meant to qualify equally the term Art and the term Form; that is, he denies that a Fugue has form and that it properly falls within the sphere of Art. We respectfully put in a few hints in plea for arrest of judgment.

1. Is the rank of a work of Art to be "measured by its *pathos*, or expression," and that only? Can you not with a moment's thought recall a hundred of the choicest pieces of such

artists as Beethoven, Mozart, Mendelssohn, &c., not characterized at all by *pathos*? Expression they of course have, but not in that sense. What shall we say of the Mendelssohn Fairy Music? what of the *Zauberflöte* overture? what of a thousand exquisite things in hearing which heart, soul, imagination wander free, float in delicious reverie, forget the emotions of the hour, with all that is simply personal or dramatic, lose the sense of time and seem to realize eternity? Much of the purest, truest music simply sets the soul free, and gives play to an inner spiritual life, which is as much deeper than particular emotions, as these are deeper than cold formalism. It would be nearer to the fact to say: the measure of a work of Art, in Music as in other arts, is its *spirit*, its character, meaning, genius,—all summed up in the fullest sense of the word Beauty. Expression of course (if not defined by mere *pathos* or emotion) is an excellent criterion of genuineness and worth in any Art. But how many persons fail to find expression in that which happens to express something more or other than they may have experienced! Bach put his life into his Fugues (inasmuch as he mostly wrote in the fugue style); if you feel no life, no quickening soul there, does it never occur to you that Bach possibly had something deeper to express, some most sincere experience, some finer consciousness, then you in your most tuneful mood have felt the need of tones or words for? Can you not trust the mystical charm of beauty, that which haunts us in many a piece of music of which it would be hard or worse than idle to try to say what it was meant to express? Why not own its power, its charm, as we do that of Nature, of the waves rolling in on the beach (there is fugue for you!) of the broad landscape, the still night air, influences which takes possession of our souls, and yet we cannot analyze or understand them any better than a simple listener understands a Bach fugue, though it stir him to the depths of his soul and lift him above himself into the breath of higher life? To be sure one great secret of the charm of Nature is, that she sympathizes with all our soul's sweetest, grandest, most unalterable secrets, all our best moods and aspirations. Well, just so does a true piece of music, in that form which we maintain to be the most spiritual of all, the Fugue, or at least a piece conceived and wrought out in the *spirit* of the fugue form, a Fugue which has genius in it, like those of Bach, and not a mechanically made one (for mechanical imitations should not count in any kind of art.)—just so does such a Fugue, even though we cannot analyze its technical structure, seem to sympathize with the soul of the listener who is otherwise prepared and open to the influence as he is to that of Nature.

2. Much more so if, besides the spiritual susceptibility or inward *rapport*, one has analyzed and studied; has learned to trace the leading theme, the secondary subject, throughout the tangled web, to recognize the imitations, the related thoughts and phrases, the climax of development, the close and rapid gathering in of all the motives at the end, &c. No poetic mind finds Nature loses beauty by any study of which his poor faculties are capable; on the contrary, the nearer we come to her the more we feel. And so it is with a fine Fugue, that has genius in it. The fact that its structure is technical, that it is governed by stricter laws than other forms, that

the melodic motives are short and few, does not preclude being also a great deal more than that, does not empty it of such live soul and genius as there may be in its author; nay, if he be master of the art as Bach was, it may become second nature to him, he will revel in it as a native language, pliant to his every mood, and the product will be as spontaneous as a snatch of song—to such a master. The first question, after all, is that of *genius*. The next is that of culture, mastery of tools, economy of means; and this leads us to consider

3. The Fugue as an Art form. According to Mr. Mathews, "the Fugue, as to its correlation of periods, has no determinate form; it is a fantasy." But a fantasy, as surely as it has genius, has form of some kind; if you cannot find it in any code of laws, it is a law unto itself. Strange that what is objected to as being all law (mere contrapuntal skill and patience) should be suddenly so outlawed! The Fugue, we venture to suggest, is the vital principle of musical form; it is the prime secret of all form, the very soul of it. Whatever music does not more or less imply the Fugue principle, though it need not be strict Fugue, is likely to be poor and shallow music. For Fugue is simply development, the logical unfolding of what is latent in a germ, or theme. It is a music what the spiral law of growth is in the plant. It has its correspondences in other arts; in nothing perhaps so strikingly as in those wonderful creations of Architecture, which are the farthest removed from mere mechanics and geometry, which speak most to the soul and the imagination and almost seem alive and growing, yearning, soaring upward as we look at them, the old Gothic Churches. There is the Fugue in visible, solid form; the same precision in detail, the same endless echoing and imitation of motives and parts of motives, phrases, with quaint particulars, a thousand painted arches, clustered columns, spires and ornaments, all aspiring, growing to a climax, yet to the mind still hinting further growth, still seeming in the process of becoming, never absolutely;—utmost finish in detail mechanically, actually, but ideally suggesting still the infinite, the unattainable in time. This suggestion of the Infinite is what we would call the *expression* of the Fugue. (But mind, it must be a fugue of genius). So too it has its counter-types, or shall we say its phototypes in Nature; in the waves rolling up the beach, in the waves that run along a field of grain before the wind, in the tongues of flame losing themselves and reappearing as it all soars and seeks the sky.

Yes, in music the Fugue is the perfect type of unity in variety. It is Nature's own law; the true instinct of genius felt it out, obeyed it unconsciously by the inmost necessity of Art and of its own soul. True to nature, genius could not do otherwise; it was simply letting germs, seed-thoughts (motives, themes we call them technically) grow. To be bound always strictly to the Fugue form is pedantry; but not to know it, not to feel it, not to imply it even in free composition, is to forsake the real fount of inspiration. All the great composers, the real creators, whose works live forever,—Beethoven for instance, who seldom wrote fugues as such—working by a true instinct with Nature and the divine laws of essential form, or unity, still imply the Fugue in whatever form they write; they have its secret in them, its law is in their hearts, the soul of all

their method; only they are so familiar with it that they need not literally present it. It lay at the basis of their culture. No one is fairly master of the free forms until he is master of the Fugue. That it is, wherever there is harmony, wherever there is more than one part, it is essential to true art that the parts move individually, that there be some contrapuntal texture; now all counterpoint implies fugue at bottom.

4. And now we see why one never exhausts the interest of a good fugue. There may be mechanical, dry fugues; but there are also live ones; a live one never gets hacknied, never dogs and persecutes the mind like popular melodies when too much ventilated through street organs and the like. For it treats its theme, develops, serves it up in such a way, as to make it a perpetual renovation and illustration of itself; and so invests it with perennial youth and freshness; it can no more bore you now, than can the themes, the motives, echoed and repeated throughout the whole upward floating, spirit-like mass of a Strassburg or Cologne Cathedral. All its possibilities of repetition are provided for, anticipated in this structural development, this contrapuntal transfiguration, lifting it beyond reach of the curse of commonplace, so that it cannot spoil. Right healthy music are the fugues of Bach, and hearty too. And this brings us back again to expression.

5. If Fugues were merely "intellectual," wholly out of the sphere of feeling, sentiment, expression, they would all affect us very much alike. On the contrary they differ in character, in mood, in sentiment, as widely as songs differ, or rondos, or Sonatas. Take the "Well-tempered Clavichord" alone; it furnishes varieties of many sorts. Some of its fugues are profoundly solemn and religious; some win you to a mood of calm and dreamy reverie: some to a musing melancholy; some bespeak a sad and contrite heart; others leap like a fountain in the sunshine; here and there is one fairy-like enough for Mendelssohn; others are triumphant, bold, full of resolve. Some are impassioned, *agitato* movement; but in the most the soul possesses itself in a serene tranquility. Healthy and strong they are as a rule, and at the same time refined and spiritual. Of course they breathe the spirit of their maker,—those which are not made mechanically. These were made poetically; there is tenderness, there is heartfelt piety, there are felicities of fancy, there is imagination in the fugues of Bach. Or take Mozart's Overture to the "Magic Flute": it there no poetry, no romance, more of the genial Mozart temper there? Why multiply examples?

"But 'the noblest mission of music,'" you say, "is to express emotion." Is not here emotion? And is the emotion, or rather the sentiment, the feeling, the spirit, any the less real because "intellect" goes with it? Are intellectual emotions less pure, less real, less exquisite than simple emotions without intellectuality, which so readily run out into shallow sentimentalism?

6. Here remark an unconscious confusion of ideas in the writer of "Musical Form," misled by his own terms. Because to write or understand a Fugue requires exercise of thought, of close technical analysis applied to its elements and form, (and so does a Sonata, or any other complex form), he becomes alarmed with the notion that the Fugue proposes to express thoughts "ideas" (other than musical ones), thus entering into vain rivalry with speech! That is quite another thing. We have seen instances of that foolish pretension on the part of free, non-contrapuntal, non-classical composers; but who ever heard of a "programme Fugue"? No, just herein is the Fugue truer than any other form to the purely musical mission of music, less guilty of the sin of stepping down from this

"higher plane" of music pure, having no end outside of itself, no end but music, to try to do the work of other arts or languages; except in the case of vocal fugues, like Handel's choruses, or Bach's, where there is a text to be illustrated, and these our essayist approves and counts them "real art-works."

The Orpheus Musical Society had their annual picnic at Fresh Pond on Monday last, and was well represented by its active and passive members and their ladies. The full Germania band furnished dance and promenade music interspersed with part songs by the Society. The pavilion was tastefully decorated for the occasion by Mr. Roeth. The festivities were prolonged till about nine in the evening, the full moon illuminating the grove, aided by Chinese lanterns.

NORTHAMPTON, MASS. A Festival Concert was given in this beautiful old town on the 11th inst., by the Northampton Choral Union, assisted by the East Hampton Musical Society and an Orchestra of 27 instruments, including the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Mr. T. W. Meekins was Director. The first part of the programme consisted of Mendelssohn's Cantata, "The First Walpurgis Night," with a printed synopsis on the bills, apparently condensed from a description in this Journal a few years ago. We are told that the performance was highly successful. Certainly it was a worthy aspiration for a young Society in an inland town to study and bring out a work of such importance. We understand that during the four years of its existence, it has given performances of Beethoven's Mass in C, Weber's Mass in G, the so-called Twelfth of Mozart, and Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. The "Walpurgis Night" is decidedly a step in a higher direction. Mendelssohn's Psalms, &c., will furnish much more good material.

The second part of the Concert was miscellaneous, including "With verdure clad," by Miss Hattie M. Clarke; a flute solo, by Heindl; a Duet from *Martha*, Mrs. Meekins and Miss Shepard; a German ballad with horn obbligato by Mr. Hamann; Cavatina from *Le Pré aux Clercs*; Male Chorus: "Battle Song of the Ancient Saxons," by Rietz; and Overture to *Martha*.

FARMINGTON, CONN. We ask attention to Mr. Karl Klausner's advertisement for a lady teacher to assist him in the musical department of Miss Porter's School. The musical tone and character of the school stand high; and it must be not a small advantage to a lady rightly qualified to cooperate in the good work, and be within the influence of so sound and true a musician as Mr. Klausner.—There are other good services of his to Art to which we mean to call attention.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN. The Steamer City of Paris, arriving in New York, on the 13th inst., brought back Mr. Charles F. Daniels, of this city.

Mr. Daniels who is well known to our citizens as an accomplished and thorough musician, has for the past four months been pursuing his studies in Europe under the direction of Stephen Heller.

Verdi's opera, *Don Carlos*, produced in England for the first time on the 4th ult., is neither better nor worse than the later productions of this composer. That it is infinitely superior to his early work, *I Lombardi*, is indisputable; but we doubt whether *Il Trovatore*, *La Traviata*, or even *Rigoletto* will be eclipsed by *Don Carlos*. The story of the opera is not pleasing; but Signor Verdi must have strong excitement; and in this production we have not only a most complicated family love affair—in which neither male nor female characters are remarkable either for purity of thought or intention—but political and religious events are firmly woven in with the plot; so that the usual grand operatic "effects," to which the public are now so thoroughly accustomed, are plentifully scattered throughout, and the second act terminates with a great *tableau*, in which citizens, troops, and monks are grouped together, according to the approved modern style (the fashion of which was almost set by Meyerbeer), illumined by the electric light, and sensationally brought to a culminating point by an *auto-da-fé*, in which a few heretics are supposed to be roasting whilst the curtain falls. In the composition of this opera, Signor Verdi has thought more earnestly, and worked more zealously than in any of his former works; but that he has been as successful as he desired is open to doubt; for although when a great genius throws his whole energy and power into a composition, the result may be safely calculated, with a composer like Verdi, who

has gained his fame by a few *cantabile* for catching melodies, interspersed with spasmodic vocal effects and coarse instrumentation, it often happens that his best and most lasting works are precisely those in which he has been least ambitious. The whole of the first act of the opera, as it stood in its original state, is now cut out, so that the curtain rises upon what was the second act, after a brief and exceedingly weak prelude; for, as usual in modern Italian operas, there is no overture. In this act the principal pieces are a dramatic duet between *Rodrigo* and *Don Carlos*, in which the former urges his friend to assist the Flemings in resisting the oppression of the Spanish tyrant (chiefly remarkable for the exquisite singing of Signor Graziani), a "Chanson du voile," said to a "Saracenic" ballad, and sung by Mlle. Fricci (so excessively crude, with its pertinacious G natural as a bass, in the key of A major, as to offend all sensitive ears, however the Moors might like it); a love-duet between *Don Carlos* and the Queen, admirably given by Signor Naudin and Mlle. Pauline Lucca (the climax of which is one of the best things in the opera); an exceedingly melodious Romance for the Queen, in F minor (deliciously accompanied by wind instrument), with a second movement in B flat major; and a duet between the King and *Rodrigo*, in which Philip is compelled to listen to the ultra-liberal notions of *Rodrigo*, a composition full of effective declamatory passages, and winding up with one of those displays of what may be called the "muscular" school of writing, for which Verdi is so remarkable. The second act contains a very excellent Trio, in which *Don Carlos* makes love to the Princess *Eloidi*, in mistake for the Queen, and *Rodrigo*, after the discovery of the error, endeavors to act as peacemaker. This is one of the most effective pieces of writing in the whole work; and is evidently based on models which it has been the ambition of the composer to imitate wherever the construction of the opera will allow him to do so. The *finale* of this act we have already alluded to. It is undoubtedly clever, but noisy and over instrumental to a painful degree. The unisonous passage for the six Deputies has a good effect; but the choral power is one of too purely physical a nature to produce anything but a sensation of relief in the listeners when the curtain descends and leaves the eye and ear once more in repose. The fourth act brought Signor Bagagiolo, as the Grand Inquisitor, before us for the first time at this establishment. A duet with the King gave him an excellent opportunity of displaying a remarkably fine bass voice, which we hope to hear on a future occasion in a part of more pretension. This somewhat long composition is effectively accompanied by the grave instruments, both wind and stringed, the trombones, especially, being very felicitously employed. The act also contains an admirable quartette, and an impassioned solo, declaimed with so much energy by Mlle. Fricci as to be most enthusiastically redemanded. From this point the composer seems to have felt the effect of an over-taxed power; and the music gradually falls off in interest and merit. The *scena* of the Queen in the last act is simply commonplace; the final duet with *Don Carlos*, although containing some beautiful and melodious phrases, is by no means equal to the music of the early portion of the opera; and the fall of the curtain, therefore, produced but little actual demonstration of approval. With the audience, however, the work was thoroughly successful; the singers, as we have said, (including M. Petit, as the King), exerted themselves to the utmost; and although (little as we sympathize with the school of which Verdi may be said to stand at the head (we should ourselves prefer the spontaneous style of writing by which the composer first gained a widely spread popularity, his new opera is at least entitled to respect, as the earnest attempt of a composer to escape from a style which his better nature must have whispered to him was inartistic and unreal.—*London Musical Times*.

THE SONGS OF THE FREEDMEN. Our readers may remember that about five years ago we published a letter from Miss McKim, of Philadelphia, (now the wife of Mr. W. P. Garrison,) describing the songs which she had heard (and partly taken down) among the recently freed people of the Sea Islands. Much larger collections were afterwards made by Prof. Wm. F. Allen, of West Newton, and his cousin, Mr. Chas. P. Ware, of Milton. These three are now united, by common agreement, and have been very largely increased by accessions from all parts of the South. The basis still remains the "spirituals," such as were furnished the *Atlantic* by Mr. Higginson, who has kindly turned them over to the persons named above, that they may publish them, words and music, in one volume. The collection will be

edited by Prof. Allen, who has written a preface of some length to illustrate the songs. Messrs. A. Simpson & Co., of the Agathynian Press, 60 Duane street, New York, intend to give the work their imprint (a guaranty of the highest style of typography), provided they meet with sufficient encouragement. The cost per volume will probably not exceed \$1.75, and will be much less to those taking several copies. Orders may be sent to the firm with the above address. No one will question the urgency of preserving these transient productions of a highly musical race, and they will commend themselves for actual enjoyment to all lovers of music, as well as to lovers of the curious.

The *Nation*, of May 30th, alludes to the excellent project in these terms:

"The proper folk-songs of this country should be sought, we suppose, among the aborigines; but the capacity of the Indian for music does not appear to be equal to his reputed capacity for eloquence. The negro possesses both these gifts in a high degree, and it is singular that no one up to this time has explored for preservation the wild, beautiful, and pathetic melodies of the Southern slaves. Their secular songs, or what purported to be such, have in times past made their way into all mouths; but their 'spirituals'—the genuine expression of their eminently religious nature—have only recently claimed attention. We are able to announce a collection, based on the Port Royal hymnody, and including the songs of as many Southern States as are obtainable, which will be published either in the course of this year or at the beginning of the next. The words and (whenever possible) the music will be carefully reproduced, and it is the aim of the editors to make the volume complete in both respects. Any information relating to this subject will be very acceptable to them, and may be sent to Mr. W. P. Garrison, Box 6732, N. Y. Post-office.

Forty years ago. While the memory of our "Cretan Concert" (Boston, Feb. 18, 1867) is yet fresh, it will be curious to read the following programme of music given in New York during the first Greek revolution. It has been fished out of oblivion by the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*. But the great singer who took part in it had not then acquired her great name. Thus it reads:

ORATORIO FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE GREEKS, by the New York Music Society, on Wednesday evening, Feb. 28, 1827.
Conductors, T. Birch and I. P. Cole.—Leader, W. Taylor.—Organist, W. Blonell.
Principal singers, Signorina Garcia, Mrs. Hackett, Mrs. Sharpe, Mrs. Blake, Mr. Keene, and Mr. Howard.

PART I.

Overture.—"Arie ya people.".....Jomelli.
Chorus.—"Arie ya people.".....Marselles Hymn.
Song.—Mr. Howard—"Sound an alarm.".....Handel.
Recitative and air.—Mrs. Blake—"Comfort ye.".....Handel.
and air.—Mrs. Blake—"Every Valley.".....Handel.
Air.—Mrs. Sharpe—"My song shall be of Mercy.".....Kent.
Grand Chorus—"Hallelujah to the Father"—Mt. of Olives.....Beethoven.

PART II.

Overture.—Artaxerxes.....Arne.
Chorus.—"Awake to sounds of glory.".....Mozart.
Recitative and air.—Mrs. Hackett—"Sound the Trumpet.".....Himmel.
Air.—Mr. Howard—"Sin not, O King.".....Handel.
Song.—Mr. Keene—"Lord, remember David.".....Handel.
Recitative and air.—Signorina Garcia, accompanied on the organ by P. K. Moran—"Angels ever bright and fair.".....Handel.
Grand Chorus—"Hallelujah"—Messiah.....Handel.

The orchestra consisted of 27 instruments, and the chorus of about 60 persons.

It will be seen from the above programme that Signorina Garcia, afterwards the famous MALIBRAN, sang at that concert. She was then residing in New York, whither she had come with the operatic troupe brought to this country by her father in 1825, and was a great favorite with the public.

THE LOWER RHENISH FESTIVALS. An account of the forty fourth, which occurred last month at Aix-la-Chapelle, was copied in our last. The following historical review of these Festivals is from the *Guardian* (England):

The originator of these meetings in Germany is said to have been one Bischoff, organist of Grankenhausen and subsequently music director at Hildesheim, who some fifty-seven years ago assembled together the musicians in his province, and instituted a "Thuringian Musical Festival," which was held at Erfurt in the year 1811. In 1817 Johann Schorastein, the music director at Elberfeld, followed the example

of Bischoff, collected together the musical forces there and in Dusseldorf, and gave a performance on a large scale in the former town, thus laying the foundation of the Rhenish festivals, the success of the Elberfeld one being so great that several of the most influential persons in the two towns took the matter in hand, and determined to give two grand concerts at Whitsunside, which should take place in biennial alternation at Elberfeld and Dusseldorf. The organization of these concerts exacted so much labor and trouble, that it was resolved to propose to a third neighboring town to take part in them, and an offer of co-operation was made to Cologne, which city at first declined the proposal. It was, therefore, at Elberfeld and at Dusseldorf where the four first festivals were held. In 1818 Burgmüller directed at Dusseldorf; in 1819 Schornstein directed—amongst other works Handel's *Messiah*, Beethoven's Overture *Leonora* (probably No. 2) and his Second Symphony—at Elberfeld; in 1820 Handel's *Samson* and Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony, under Burgmüller's direction, were in the Dusseldorf programme, and in 1820 Cologne offered its valuable co-operation, where the festival of 1821 was held, at which Burgmüller directed an oratorio, *The Last Judgement*, by F. Schneider, and Beethoven's C minor Symphony, &c. In the years 1822 and 1823 the same directors conducted respectively at Dusseldorf and Elberfeld. In 1824 Frederick Schneider of Dessau was requested to direct the festival at Cologne, when his oratorio, *The Deluge*, Beethoven's Fourth Symphony, the overture *Coriolanus*, &c., were given. In the year 1825 the eighth festival was held for the first time at Aix-la-Chapelle, which town then co-operated provisionally with Dusseldorf and Cologne, in consequence, it is said, of some disinclination manifested on the part of Elberfeld to continue its support. The festival of 1826 was at Dusseldorf, under the direction of Spohr and Ries,—the former bringing out his oratorio, *Last Judgement*, and the latter a symphony in D major. In 1827, the year in which Beethoven died, the meeting was once more held at Elberfeld. The C minor Symphony, and parts of the great Mass in D by that mighty master were given, under direction of Schornstein. From the time of the retirement of Elberfeld, Aix-la-Chapelle gave in its definite adhesion, and excepting from 1848 to 1850—the years of political disturbances—these festivals have occurred at Dusseldorf, Aix, or Cologne. In 1828, at Cologne, Ries directed his new overture, *Don Carlos*, and Klein of Berlin his new oratorio, *Jephtha*. At Aix, the next year, Ries conducted his symphony in E, and his oratorio, *Der Sieg des Glaubens*,—the "Eroica" was also given. In 1830 at Dusseldorf, Judas Maccabæus (with Clasing's instrumentation), the *Mount of Olives*, &c., were given, Ries conducting. At Cologne in 1832 Handel's *Samson*, Beethoven's symphony in A, and a new "Fest" overture by Ries were performed, Ries again conducting. The festival of 1833 at Dusseldorf was memorable as having been conducted by Mendelssohn, then only in his twenty-fifth year. Handel's *Israel* was given, Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, his great overture, *Leonora*, and a new overture by the illustrious conductor. It was on this occasion that a third performance was set on foot by Mendelssohn, who gave, as a supplementary concert, a performance on the third morning of the "Fest" week, at which the two overtures and most of the choruses and solos was repeated, and Weber's Concert-Stück was played by Mendelssohn. No less than seven of the festivals were directed by the last-named composer, whose energy and genius gave of course great impulse to them. The following festivals were given under his direction:—At Cologne in 1835, at Dusseldorf in 1836, when he produced his oratorio, *St. Paul*, at Cologne in 1838, at Dusseldorf in 1839, when his "42nd Psalm" was given, at Dusseldorf again in 1842, when his *Lobgesang* was given, and lastly (the year before his early death,) at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1846, when Handel's *Alexander's Feast*, Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and a motet by Cherubini were included in the programme. At Aix in 1840 Spohr directed, in 1843 Reissiger, in 1851 Lindpaintner, who conducted also in 1854, in 1857 Liszt, in 1861 Lachner, and in 1864 Rietz, and Wullner of Munich. The other festivals which have been directed by eminent composers are—that at Cologne in 1847, when Onslow and Spontini presided, that at Dusseldorf in 1853, when Schumann conducted his splendid symphony in D minor, and Hiller his "125th Psalm." The latter composer directed also the festivals in 1855 and 1860 at Dusseldorf, and those of 1858, 1862, and 1865 at his own city—Cologne. The two Dusseldorf festivals, in 1863 and in 1866, were conducted by Otto Goldschmidt and Tausch, and have been, together with that in 1855, rendered for ever memorable from the fact that Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt sang at them. The illustrious artist sang also at the twenty-eighth festival—at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1846.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Charming Annie Bell. S'g & Cho. *Starkweather*. 30
I am waiting for thee. Song. *C. Operti*. 40
Our spirit friends. Song and Cho. *W. A. Ogden*. 30
A country life for me. Song. *H. Clay. Preusse*. 30
Minnie Wayne. *W. A. Ogden*. 30
Catch it on the fly. Base ball Song and Chorus. *Starkweather*. 30
A selection of charming songs sure to be popular.
Idle lay the Summer Sea. Tide Song. *Marion Dix Sullivan*. 30
Nelly Coree. Ballad. " " " 30
Charming and simple songs.
The Wishing Cap. Song. *W. T. Wrighton*. 30
Words by Mackay. Music sweet as sugar.
Gathering homeward, one by one. Song and Quartette. *G. H. Pixley*. 30
Very beautiful.
Who will be my angel bride. Song. *Webster*. 35
There's a light at the window. " & Cho. " 35
Let me fold thee close, Mavourneen. " *M. Keller*. 30
When night is darkest, dawn is nearest. *E. Land*. 35
Four songs by able composers.

Instrumental.

- Parisian Waltzes. *H. L. Williams*. 75
Elegant and graceful.
Fairy Stories, (Feen-Märschen) Waltzes. *Strauss*. 75
Brilliant, and in Strauss's well-known style.
Priore et Chasse. Fantaisie du Freischütz. *Rene Favager*. 75
Very rich and melodious. One of the best of compositions founded on these celebrated airs.
Dreams of the past Waltz. *R. Goerdeler*. 50
Sallie's favorite Galop. *A. R. Webb*. 30
Pretty pieces, and not difficult.
Souvenir de Innsbruck. Tyrolienne for Piano. *F. Bendel*. 40
Neapolitan Song. Transcription. *Jules Egghard*. 40
La Retour. Fantaisie for Piano. *C. Van Tal*. 30
L'Esperance. Song without words. " " 30
La Voleuse d'Amour. (The heart stealer). Polka Mazurka. *C. Faust*. 30
Five graceful pieces of medium difficulty.
Mugby Junction. Galop. *Chas. Coote*. 40
A brilliant kind of "railroad" piece. Play it "through on time."
First meeting. (Erste begegnung). *D. Krug*. Op. 226. 50
Confession of love. Der Liebe Gestandniss. " 50
Meeting again. (Wiedersehen). " 50
Belong to a set called "The Book of Love." Composed in excellent taste, and are something in the style of Oesten's "Songs of Love." Medium difficulty.
Books.
Ecole Primaire. 25 easy and progressive studies for Piano. Foreign fingering. 2 parts. *Duvernoy*, ea. 75
Czerny's 24 short and progressive exercises for Piano. Op. 336. Foreign fingering. In 3 parts, each, 1.00
These valuable aids to the teacher will be welcomed, each in its own way. They are both good, and suited to pupils who have made but a moderate advance in their studies.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at double these rates.

